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THE ARMENIAN HORROR.

A RESUME OF THE STORY AS TOLD BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Last evening, says one of our correspondents in Turkey, I listened for fully an hour to the story of the last terrible massacre at Oorfa, on Dec. 29. To regain one's normal status after

The late Rev. Hagob Aboulaytian.

such an experience is like trying to recover from the effects of a horrible nightmare; with this difference, that the most hideous dream experiences are soon forgotten with the return to consciousness, while the impression produced by hearing the recital at first hand of such merciless torture and wholesale shedding of innocent blood from one who was in the midst of it all, and whose testimony is unquestionable, can never be fully effaced.

In my last letter a fortnight ago, I simply stated the fact of a second massacre in Oorfa, and that the victims numbered three thousand. The full details of that awful day's butchery will never be published, and even if they should be, the Christian public would not dare to read them. I have been able to secure the accompanying photographs of Oorfa, taken some months before these terrible scenes were enacted. In the following sketch I will omit all the revolting details and state simply the prominent features of the massacre.

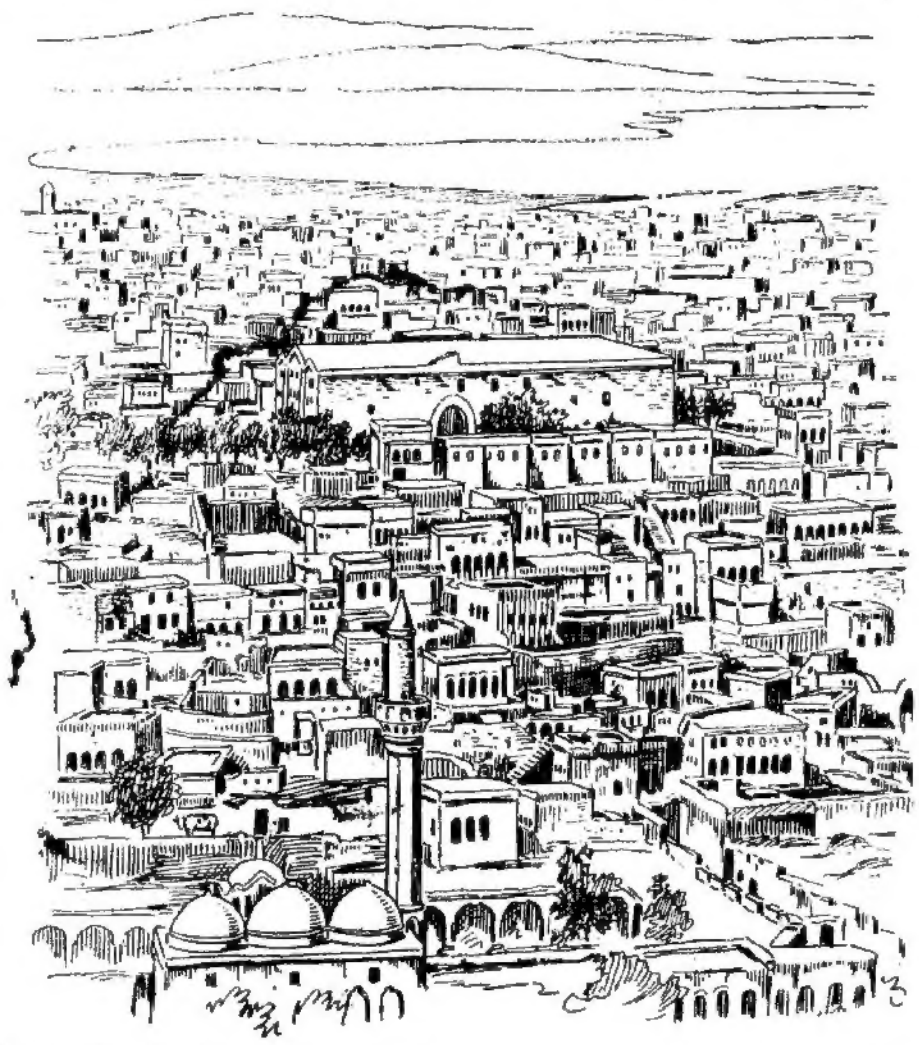
For two months before the twenty-ninth of December the Christian population of Oorfa experienced all the vicissitudes of a veritable 'Reign of Terror.' This was inaugurated by the previous massacres which began on Oct. 27 and dragged on for the greater part of the interval between these dates. During all this time the Christians ventured beyond the precincts of their own homes only at the risk of their lives. Nor were they secure even in their homes. For six or seven weeks the soldiers of the government went from house to house almost daily, and after forcing an entrance, offered the inmates the option of becoming Moslems or being killed on the spot. Those who chose the former were at once taken to the governor's palace, where they were obliged to submit to the rites of their new faith, and were afterwards registered as Mohammedans. On the roofs of the homes where the inmates professed the Moslem faith a white flag was placed to announce the fact and to secure them against further assault.

All those who refused the immunities which a change of religion ensured were at once shot down or despatched with swords. Scarcely a day passed without its record of such raids upon Christian homes and their attendant horrors, and every such unvisited home was liable to have its turn whenever it might suit the caprice of the soldiery. Those who ventured into the streets were set upon by the soldiers, police or other Moslems who might wish to possess themselves of anything that might be found upon their persons. Any attempt at resistance was fatal. My informant saw the soldiers break open the doors of Christian homes and carry out their brutal purposes upon the inmates during the period of this 'reign of terror.' Every house awaited in anxious suspense its fate, until the last great day of sacrifice arrived, when soldiers and Mohammedan populace joined in the wholesale and unprovoked slaughter.

When the general onslaught began on Dec. 29, the Christians sought the refuge of their churches and every other possible place which they hoped might shelter them from the fury of their assailants. Many took refuge in wells, some under manure heaps, while others had their friends cover them under piles of charcoal. For some of these their shelter proved to be a living grave, while many others, after remaining thus concealed for three or four days, were rescued, more dead than alive, by their friends.

Two hundred and forty-six persons took refuge in the home of the American missionary, Miss Shattuck, where they are still afforded shelter and protection. Of this number eighteen are suffering from dangerous wounds, rifle shots and sword cuts. During the six weeks immediately following the first massacre this devoted missionary heroine was obliged to keep all but constant vigil, and was unable throughout all this time to undress even once and retire to her own room for a night's rest. Any rest or sleep obtained was on a lounge, and for but short intervals, while others kept watch. Her constant anxiety was not so much for her own personal safety as for that of those whom she was attempting to succor. The zeal of the government authorities to protect this American missionary from personal violence and so avoid complications with the American Government was shown by their placing an extra guard of soldiers on the mission premises during the second massacre. The view here presented of the city is that of the Christian portion of it, with the large Armenian church standing four square in the centre. This church is built entirely of stone, and may be said to be absolutely fireproof. It was to this edifice that from fifteen hundred to two thousand of the people fled when the general massacre began on Dec. 29, and the story of what took place within its walls on that awful day will never be fully known. These nearly two thousand victims were there at the mercy of the merciless soldiers and the worse than merciless mob. The soldiers were the first to enter, but they soon allowed the promiscuous rabble to follow and share with them in the carnival of debauchery and blood. The fiendish fanaticism of these followers of Islam reached its climax in setting fire to these victims of their wild fury. How this purpose was accomplished I am unable to state. There being no wood finishing on the inside of the church and little or no inflammable furnishings, one can only conjecture how they succeeded in transforming this multitude of human sacrifices into the great mass of bones and ashes to which they were all reduced by the following morning. That this end was attained, my informant had the most painfully convincing evidence in the fact that for two or three days afterwards a number of kamals (Turkish porters) were engaged in carrying the bones and charred remains from the church to a place close in the rear of the American mission premises, when they were dumped over a portion of the old wall of the city. In view of all this it is little wonder that we are told by our authority for this sketch, when speaking of the general state of affairs some days later, that the prevailing odor throughout the city was pestilential.

At the further end of the city may



View of the Christian section of Oorfa, Turkey, showing large Gregorian Armenian church four square standing in the centre. In this church 1,500 persons were massacred and burned on Dec 29.

*Pastor of the Evangelical Church, Oorfa a victim of the massacre of Dec. 29. He was educated in America, England and Germany, and was a man of rare gifts and spiritual force.

be seen the lofty tower of the Protestant Evangelical Church, and beside it is located the American Mission house. The story of the founding and growth of this church, together with the history of its able and faithful pastor for the last quarter of a century, who was also the architect and builder of the church edifice, would form the subject for an extended and interesting sketch. I am glad to be able to send you a photograph of this devoted servant of God, who also was one of the many martyrs who perished that day. When the massacre began he happened to be at the home of a friend, where he and seventeen others who were in this house when it was attacked by the soldiers and the mob all met the same fate. Nine of the ten Armenian priests in Oorfa had taken refuge in the large Armenian church, and were, of course, slaughtered there with the members of their flock.

While their fiendish programme was being carried out in the large church the whole of the Christian portion of the city was one scene of carnage. The manner in which this part of the bloody work was executed manifested a measure of 'method in madness.' First of all one set of soldiers was detailed to lead the attack on each home. The duties of these consisted in forcing an entrance, by breaking down the doors when they were not opened at their command, and slaughtering the male members of the household. The women and small children generally were spared, except in cases where they attempted to offer any resistance. It is for this reason that of the total number killed outside of the great church on that day probably not more than ten percent were women and children. Other sets of soldiers were told off to drive the women of the households to the neighboring mosques or khans. The houses being thus freed from all possible sources of resistance, the rabble was left a clear field for the third act in the tragedy, namely, that of plundering these homes of every vestige of furniture, clothing, bedding and winter stores. Throughout the whole of this performance the Moslem women—wives, mothers and sisters—cheered on their chivalrous brothers and husbands in their cowardly onslaught upon these defenceless victims of their brutal fanaticism. They did this by shouting, rather than singing, a popular Turkish wedding chant. Between the rifle shots and above the pleadings for mercy and the groans of the wounded could be heard the weird yelping of Mohammedan mothers and maidens, resembling more the barking of jackals than the voices of human beings—most fitting orchestral accompaniment to the bloody tragedy which was being enacted.

The Christian women and children who were driven to the mosques and khans were detained there for a day or two and then counselled by the government authorities to return to their houses. By this time, however, nothing remained of their homes but the bare walls and ceilings. This was all they had to return to. Not only was the winter's supply of food all carried off, along with everything else in their homes, but the fathers and brothers—those who had been the stay and support of these households—are now no longer there. The only remaining traces of these dear ones are the pools of blood in the deserted homes. Apart altogether from those killed and burned in the church, the bodies of over fifteen hundred, by actual count, were dragged, usually by the legs, and in considerable numbers at a time, by animals to a large trench dug for the purpose on the outskirts of the city. There they lie to-day in one irregular mass, awaiting the day when all wrongs shall be righted. As many as three hundred bodies are said to have been taken from one large cistern well some days after the massacre, while another furnished over fifty, and yet another about thirty.

Scarcely a single Gregorian or Protestant home escaped the general pillage and bloodshed, and the total number of victims in this last massacre in Oorfa must now be put down at four thousand. There are now in Oorfa alone from ten to twelve thousand persons, chiefly women and children, utterly dependent upon charity for their daily bread and for their clothing and bedding.

The government authorities were endeavoring to cleanse and fumigate the large church by burning sulphur and tar, in order to fit it as a hospital for the many hundreds of wounded Christians. This mode of dispensing charity reminds one of the old fable of the hungry huntsman who cut off the tail of his faithful dog, and after making a soup of it for himself requited the injury he had done his dog by generously throwing him the bone. The story of Oorfa is the story of hundreds of towns, villages and cities throughout the interior provinces. In the Province of Harpoot alone 176 towns and villages met a fate similar to that of Oorfa.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON IV.—April 26, 1896.

Luke 16: 19-31.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—Luke 16: 13.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus told a story to his disciples to show how foolish and wrong it is to love riches more than God.

There was a rich man, Jesus said, who wore expensive clothes and ate the richest food every day, and there was a sick beggar named Lazarus who was often laid at the rich man's gate. All he asked of the rich man was to have some of the crumbs which fell from his table, and he was so sick and suffering that even the dogs pitied him and came and licked his sores.

But the rich man did not notice him at all. He could see him every time he went in or out of his beautiful house, but he did not try to help him in his misery.

By and by the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into heaven. The rich man died too, but his spirit did not enter heaven. The unkind, selfish spirit has no place there. But one day, looking up into heaven he saw Lazarus there, and begged that he might be sent to help him in his mercy. Then he was told that there was a great gulf between heaven and hell, and each one must stay in the place he had chosen. Dives, the lover of money and pleasure, had chosen to be selfish and unloving here, and he carried the same spirit with him to the other world. But Lazarus took with him the humble, loving spirit so dear to God and the holy angels.—Berean Lesson Book.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. The two men in this world, vs. 19-21.
II. The two men in death, v. 22.
III. The two men in the other world, vs. 23-31.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 16: 1-18, The Unjust Steward.
T. Luke 16: 19-31, The Rich Man and Lazarus.
W. Psalm 73: 1-28, The Prosperity of the Wicked.
Th. Heb. 12: 1-13, The Afflictions of the Righteous.
F. Job 27: 11-23, The End of the Wicked.
S. James 2: 1-12, The Poor, Rich in Faith, Chosen.
S. James 5: 1-11, Exhortation to Patient Endurance.

Time.—A.D. 30, January, shortly after the last lesson.
Place.—Perea.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

Soon after the parable of The Prodigal Son, Jesus, still in Perea, spoke to his disciples the parable of The Unjust Steward. He also told them they could not serve God and mammon, and he rebuked the covetous Pharisees who derided his doctrines. Monday's Reading. Then followed the parable of The Rich Man and Lazarus. Tuesday's Reading. Read thoughtfully the rest of the Home Readings, and try to understand from them and to-day's lesson how true happiness in this world and the next is really affected by the matter of earthly possessions. This rich man is sometimes called Dives (Latin for 'rich'), but Jesus gave him no name. Abraham's bosom was a common Jewish term, expressing heavenly bliss. Great gulf—an impassable chasm.

QUESTIONS.

What is the parable in to-day's lesson called? How is the rich man's condition described? Lazarus's condition? What became of Lazarus at death? What became of the rich man? What request did he make? What was Abraham's reply? What did the rich man then request? What answer did he receive? What do we learn about the condition of souls after death? About the sufficiency of revelation?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. The wicked may prosper and the good suffer in this world.
2. In death each finds his own true place.
3. The condition beyond death depends on life here.
4. It is too late to crave mercy for one's self of friends after death.
5. The gospel has warning enough to lead men to believe.

ILLUSTRATION.

A place of torment. Vs. 23, 24, 28. And that is the prison house of the finally impenitent. 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God.' Rev. E. Davies tells of one who had enjoyed great earthly advantages but felt that the Spirit of God had left him. He had wandered into sin and infidelity for fifteen years, and then cut his throat, but did not die for several days. He said to a friend, 'I am damned! infinitely damned. I feel as if I was in the midst of fire, and that it was pressing upon me on every side. To live is hell, and to die a thousand times worse. My doom is sealed.' So he died.

Extraordinary Warnings Fail. V. 31. A college student whose life had been gay and reckless, suddenly became grave and seemed terrified. When questioned concerning his changed appearance he said, it was produced by a dream. He had dreamed that he was breathing stifling, oppressive air in a large, gloomy hall, densely thronged with undergraduates, their gowns wrapped round them, and their countenances indicative of great suffering. Inquiring where he was, a melancholy young man replied, 'This is hell,' unfolding his gown and revealing in his breast a transparent heart as of crystal, in which burned a fierce flame. Cannot I escape?' asked the terror-stricken dreamer. 'You have a chance for nine days,' answered the gloomy figure. Folding his arms and concealing his burning heart, he awoke, full of horror, and to dispel the strong, painful impressions, sought his friends. They laughed at his disordered fancy, drank deep and persuaded him to spend the ensuing nine days with them in special gaiety. On the ninth day, whether from the natural effects of excessive debauch or in solemn fulfilment of the warning, he suddenly died. This is a practical confirmation of Christ's words that where ordinary warnings have failed, extraordinary warnings would be unavailing.—A. C. Morrow.— Arnold's Practical Commentary.

LESSON V.—May 3, 1896.

Luke 17: 5-19.

FAITH.

Commit to memory vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Increase our faith.—Luke 7: 5.

THE LESSON STORY.

One day, when Jesus was teaching the disciples they said to him, 'Lord, increase our faith.' Then Jesus told them what great things even a little faith could do, and he taught them to be humble and lowly. We are all servants of the great God, and we have nothing of which to be proud. Even if we always obeyed God and did all the work he has given us to do we should not deserve anything of him, because we are his servants. Jesus was on the way to Jerusalem and was going the straight way through Samaria. He passed some Samaritan villages on the way, and was going to go into one, when he saw a strange sight. A little way back from the road were ten men dressed in white, with bells at their waists and little cloths hanging over their mouths. They were lepers, and wanted Jesus to heal them.

'Go, show yourselves unto the priests,' Jesus said, and they knew at once what he meant. No leper could enter a town or village unless he had a letter from a priest saying that he was healed. Nine of them were Jews and had to go to Jerusalem, but one was a Samaritan and must go to Gerizim, and they were in haste to go. Nine started at once; but one, the Samaritan, stopped to thank Jesus and worship at his feet.

Even as the acorn grows into a great tree, so a little faith may grow into a new, beautiful life.—Berean Lesson Book.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. The power of faith, vs. 5-10.
II. The cleansed ten, vs. 11-16.
III. The thankless nine, vs. 17-19.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 17: 1-10, Forbearance, Forgiveness, Faith.
T. John 11: 1-19, Death of Lazarus.
W. John 11: 20-46, Raising of Lazarus.
Th. John 11: 47-57, Jesus Retires to Ephraim.
F. Luke 17: 11-19, Ten Lepers Cleansed.
S. Luke 17: 20-37, Christ's Second Coming.
S. Heb. 11: 1-40, Faith and its Triumphs.

Time.—A.D. 30; of verse 5-10, January; of verses 11-19, March.

Places.—Perea, vs. 5-10; border of Samaria and Galilee, on the way from Ephraim to Perea, vs. 11-19.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

The discourse in Luke 17: 1-10 was probably delivered directly after the parable of our last lesson. About this time, learning that Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha, was sick, Jesus went to Bethany, arriving there four days after Lazarus was buried. Tuesday's Reading. He raised Lazarus to life as told in Wednesday's reading. The miracle caused the Jews to determine on Jesus's death, but he retired to Ephraim, situated somewhere in the hill-country north-east of Jerusalem. Thursday's Reading. On the approach of the Passover he started to return from Ephraim to Jerusalem, going by way of Perea. On this journey the incidents in Friday's and Saturday's Readings occurred.

QUESTIONS.

What did Jesus say about offences? Vs. 1, 2. What did he teach about forgiveness? Vs. 3, 4. What did he say of the power of faith? Who met him as he entered a certain village? What was their prayer? How did Jesus answer it? What followed? What did one of the lepers do when he saw that he was healed? Of what nation was he? What did Jesus say to him? How had his faith made him whole?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. If we had stronger faith we could do greater things.
2. After we have done our best we must still depend on mercy.
3. As we obey Christ's commands blessing comes to us.
4. When we have been blessed we should show our gratitude.
5. Christ is grieved by the ingratitude of those he helps and blesses.

ILLUSTRATION.

Sin is hereditary. It not only destroys him who refuses to hate it but destroys his offspring. Mr. Dugdale, of New York, deputed by the Prisons Association, investigated the life history, extending over a century—through six generations—of one great criminal family. In one country prison he found six persons who were blood relations. These belong to a lineage reaching back to the early colonists. They lived in the same locality for generations, and were so despised that their family name was a term of reproach. Of the immediate relations of these six persons, twenty-nine males were still living, seventeen of whom were criminals guilty of the worst crimes. Mr. Dugdale traced out the history of their dead from the time the family settled in America. One of them was even then called Margaret Jukes, the mother of criminals.' From this parent, 1,200 had descended, out of which he distinctly followed the life record of 709 of all ages. Not one escaped the contamination of evil. The members of this family had cost the state, in seventy-five years, over one million and a quarter of dollars for the treatment of their crimes, diseases and poverty.

Cry, 'Have mercy.' V. 13. A farmer suddenly awoke to the fact that he was a confirmed drunkard. He endeavored to reform but in vain. Still deeper he sank until he felt he must stop, or he would have delirium tremens. He determined never to touch whiskey again. About four weeks after as he was walking over his farm, he felt the old craving for drink lay hold of him mightily. 'No,' said he to himself, 'I will never touch it.' Then it seemed as if the devil were laughing at him, and saying 'You will, you will; you cannot escape me.' He felt his heart sink within him, and knew that if he succumbed, he would soon kill himself. In an agony of despair he threw himself on the ground, and cried out, 'Lord Jesus save me!' Even while he prayed the answer came. He has not touched a drop of drink since then. Jesus, his Saviour, has kept him safe in the hollow of his hand.—Arnold's Practical Commentary.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

DO THE DRIVING.

(By Constance Conrad.)

'Aunt Kate, don't you think the winter days are rather stupid and dreary?'

The speaker, Mildred Crane, a fresh-faced young woman not a score of years past her girlhood, had been ushered five minutes before into her aunt's cosy sitting-room. She had brought in with her the crisp freshness of the outside air, and a bright color in her cheeks, but now that she had settled herself in an easy-chair, in a warm corner, and the glow of the walk in the keen air had left her face, a weary, dissatisfied expression had taken its place.

'Not all the days are dreary,' answered the elder lady, in a cheerful, wholesome voice. 'I know to-day has been under a cloud, but even this dark afternoon is going to end with a glorious sunset. And many of our days are full of sunshine.'

'I don't mean sunsets and sunshine. I mean the life we lead in the months that follow Christmas. Before I was married they were the gayest months of the year, full of social life and good times; but now Frank comes home tired, and prefers to sit by his own fireside, with a book or paper, and we do not like to leave the children often, anyway. But that isn't all; even the work is different. Every other season brings its own tasks that must be done, but after the rush of Christmas, everything settles down into a sort of dull routine, without a bit of inspiration.'

Aunt Kate smiled, a sympathetic, interested smile. 'Then it is not occupation you want? You are in search of inspiration?'

'Yes, that is just it. There is always enough to do. Last year Ned and Mollie's measles, in the fall, put my work all back, and it was spring before I had them ready for winter. I at least had no time to get dreary, and wish for impossibilities.'

'No,' returned Aunt Kate, 'but I should not like to see you come to another summer as completely worn out as you were last year. Illness is a great consumer of time and strength, but when you are free from it there is a much better way to do one's work than to be driven by it. Have you ever thought of driving your work, instead of being driven yourself? Have you ever known Ned or Molly to prefer being horse to being driver?'

Mildred's face lighted up with an amused smile. 'No, it is one of my daily tasks to see that there are turns in holding the reins.'

'I thought so,' replied Aunt Kate. 'We can often learn from children. These opening months of the new year, with their steadily lengthening days, are the key to the whole year. It is the one time that we can grasp the reins ourselves, and if fortune favors us, very often need not relinquish them again to the year's end. The sales in the stores suggest the work for January, with their advertisements of table linen and sheeting and underwear. But before purchases are made it is well to have a thorough review of the stock on hand. There are many bits of thrifty housekeeping can be put into this work, that will save the not too plentiful dollars, for things you will want later. Have you ever turned any sheets?'

'Why, Aunt Kate! I thought that was as old-fashioned as the hills.'

'I think it is a little old-fashioned; many good ideas are; but it pays if you have the time. You must be your own judge there. If you will take the sheets after they begin to look thin in the middle, but as yet have no breaks, and overhand the selvage edges together, and hem the outer edges on the machine, you will find your sheets will last at least two years longer than they otherwise would have done. The firm ends of old table cloths will make good common napkins, while the slightly thinner portions, cut in small squares and fringed, make much softer, finer wash cloths than those newly purchased. Then there are bread cloths to be made out of the remainder of the table cloths, and a pile of dish cloths to be made out of old towels.

'When this is all in order you will be able to judge better just how much material you require. I have known young housekeepers starting with a good stock of these foundations of housekeeping, but having no regular season for replenishing, to come to a time of severe illness, and find the contents of their linen closet had run so low that there was nothing with which to fill out the added calls. And a time of sickness is a very poor time to be driven by outside work.'

'I know I have work waiting for me in my linen closet,' said Mildred, 'and it is pleasant work, too, if something more important is not pressing. What next, Aunt Kate? You are like a general laying out a campaign.'

'Next comes the underwear. There it is again a question of time. When you had your hands full with nursing, a year ago, you did well to buy the little ready-made garments that prepared the children quickly for winter, but I know you want to be a real helpmeet to Frank, and that his salary is not large. By purchasing a good quality of muslin, and making the little garments yourself, you will not only save in the expense of each article now, but the stronger material will also outlast most of the muslin used in any but very high-priced ready-made underwear.'

'Oh, but, Aunt Kate, you've forgotten the worst work. Frank's shirts need new wrist bands and collar bands now, and I've been shutting my eyes to it for days,' said Mildred, laughing ruefully.

'Then I'd open my eyes and begin them to-morrow,' returned Aunt Kate. 'When the starch is washed out of the shirt, and the band and wristbands are ripped off, and carefully ironed, it is not hard to get the pattern. The rest is simply perfect accuracy and careful measurement.'

'I certainly didn't think that I had come over here to-day to get an inspiration for those shirts, but I think I will start them to-morrow. The sooner I begin them the sooner they will be done,' replied Mildred. 'I think I know what you would suggest for March. All the pretty ginghams and wash fabrics are out then, and it would be nice not to have the sewing and house-cleaning clash for once.'

'You are right; and the house-cleaning loses half of its rush and hurry if it isn't hard pressed by something else. Then, too, you can give many little lifts in the early months of the year, renewing curtains, recovering chairs, covering bad places in the wal paper, and refreshing anything that needs an extra touch.'

'Later on closets and bureau drawers in warm rooms can have their spring cleaning, but one thing don't do. Don't become so inspired with your own progress that you are tempted to clean house in March. I shall never forget the shining cleanliness of a home where I attended a funeral one early April day, with the knowledge that its beloved mistress might have been for many years still the light of that home but for a heavy cold contracted in an early house-cleaning. But I think you will find you have enough to do without that.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Mildred, rising. 'I must go now, Millie White said she'd would bring the children home at five o'clock. But you certainly have taken the stupidity out of the winter months.'

'Don't try to do too much at once, and remember this work is not driving you, so your many interruptions need not bring with them the worry that comes when each piece of work must be done in a limited time. When you drive your work you are always free to tie it up and leave it. When it drives you, you are never free. I am sure you will find driving your work an inspiration.'

CARE OF THE HOUSE.

How many homes there are in which more care is lavished upon expensive adornments than upon the free, every-day comforts and blessings of nature! There are many women who, with the best intention for the care of their houses and their children, still commit one heinous, hygienic sin by what may not be inaptly called 'furniture worship,' and so careful are they of carpets, sofa coverings and curtains, that some rooms in their houses are maintained in a cellar-like darkness except for short intervals when they are thrown open for 'company.' If one thing is more certain than another, it is the fact that all sorts of microscopic growths love the darkness. One has only to search a dark spot in the forest to find myriads of them, and dark, sunless closets and corners come a close second with moulds, and, if we examine carefully, a dust filled with spores. —Exchange.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Oatmeal Griddle Cakes.—Two cups of well-cooked oatmeal, two cups of milk, one egg, well-beaten, salt to taste, about one cup of flour, or enough to make stiff enough to turn well, withm an even teaspoonful of baking powder. These are very delicate.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEEDS

FOR FARM GARDEN,
KITCHEN GARDEN,
FLOWER GARDEN.

Special Offers to Subscribers of the 'Northern Messenger' for 1896.

The collections of seeds proved so successful last year that enquiries have already been made by many subscribers who have written, hoping the offers would be repeated. This has encouraged the publishers to renew the offer of last year, with but slight alterations. It was thought some improvement could be made in the selections, and the decision of a gentleman of the highest authority was that the three collections formed the very best, most useful and most easily grown varieties. Thus the SEED OFFER for 1896 is presented to subscribers, and it is our greatest desire that the placing of flower and vegetable seeds in this form will tend to greatly increase their growth in our Canadian homes. What can be more palatable to the taste, or conducive to health than nice fresh vegetables, and what is more pleasing to the eye than the beautiful flowers of the garden?

These collections of seeds are put up specially for the 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' by a first class seedsman, in packages as stated in each separate offer, and no package of seeds can be exchanged from one offer to another.

The seeds are all fresh and reliable, and are not sold for less than the price marked on each packet, and are tested as to climate and quality.

The Vegetable Seeds comprise the very best varieties, suitable for all parts of the Dominion.

The Flower Garden Collection comprises the best flowering varieties for show and cutting. Also adapted for all parts of the Dominion.

MANAGEMENT OF VEGETABLE SEEDS.

Sow Peas, Onion Seeds and Spinach as soon as the ground is dry enough to work; also Carrots, Beets, Parsnips, and a few early Turnips, and Lettuces, Cabbages and Tomatoes may be sown in a box in the window to give plants to set out. Corn, Beans, Cucumbers, Squashes and Melons, on the other hand, must not be sown till the ground is quite warm, when they will come up in a few days and grow rapidly. Needless to say, keeping the ground loose and clean, greatly hastens the growth, increases the size and improves the quality of almost all vegetables. Sweetness and crispness depend on quick growth, which is greatly helped by frequent stirring of the soil and keeping down weeds.

MANAGEMENT OF FLOWER SEEDS.

Mignonette, one of the hardiest annuals, will grow almost anywhere, yet will yield more flowers, and be more fragrant in good soil and sunny situation. Portulaca should be sown in the sunniest spot. Zinnia, Tropoeolum, Marvel of Peru, Petunia and Verbena too, all delight in bright sunshine. Pansy should be sown in a cool spot, and shaded from the mid-day sun. Sweet Peas should be sown very early, in the richest soil to induce prolonged season of vigorous bloom. Phlox Drummondi is slow to germinate, and should be sown early; so should Candytuft, Chinese Pink and Ten Weeks' Stock; also, Convolvulus Major, the well known Morning Glory; and seed should be covered very lightly with fine earth. The exceptions are Sweet Peas, Morning Glory, Tropoeolum, Marvel of Peru, and perhaps Balsams.

HOW TO SECURE THE SEEDS FREE.

To secure the Farm Garden Collection of Seeds free (the total value of which is $1.75), send a list of eighteen subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at thirty cents each.

A list of ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at thirty cents each will entitle the sender to the Kitchen Garden Collection free.

Send thirteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each, and the sender will receive the Flower Garden Collection, containing seeds to the value of $1.25 free.

Offer No. 1.

The Farm Garden Collection.

$1.15 will secure this collection of seeds post-paid, and the 'Northern Messenger' one year.

	Cts.
Beans, Golden Wax	5
Beans, Wardswell's Wax	5
Beet, Ex. Early Turnips	5
Cabbage, Early Etampes	5
Cabbage, St. Denis	5
Carrot, Half-Long Nantes	5
Carrot, Long Orange	5
Cucumber, White Spine	5
Corn, Early Cory	5
Corn, Evergreen	5
Lettuce, Imperial	5
Melon, Nutmeg	5
Nasturtium, Dwarf	5
Onion, Yellow Danvers	10
Onion, Silver Pickling	10
Peas, Early, First and Best	5
Peas, Stratagem	5
Parsnips, Hollow Crown	5
Paraley, Tripie Curled	5
Radish, Olive Shaped	5
Radish, Scarlet Turnip	5
Pepper, Long Red	5
Spinach, Round or Summer	5
Squash, Hubbard	5
Squash, Vegetable Marrow	10
Tomato, Acme	5
Turnip, Strap Leaf	5
Turnip, Purple Top Swede	5
Sage	5
Summer Savory	5
Total	$1.65

In addition to the above, a ten cent package of Giant Yellow Intermediate Carrot will be included, the latest novelty for Fall and Winter use for stock feeding. It is also useful as a table vegetable, introduced from Europe: easily grown and good keeper.

The Farm Garden Collection to 'Northern Messenger' subscribers, post-paid, 95 cents.

Offer No. 2.

The Kitchen Garden Collection.

70 cents will secure this collection of seeds post-paid, and the 'Northern Messenger' one year.

	Cts.
Beans, Golden Wax	5
Beet, Egyptian Turnip	5
Cabbage, Early Etampes	5
Carrot, Nantes	5
Cucumber, Long Green	5
Corn, Crosby's Sweet	5
Lettuce, Early Cabbage	5
Melon, Nutmeg	5
Onion, Yellow Danvers	10
Parsnip, Hollow Crown	5
Parsley, Triple Curled	5
Peas, First and Best	5
Radish, Long Scarlet	5
Squash, Hubbard	5
Tomato, Perfection	5
Turnip, Early Stone	5
Total	$0.85

In addition, a ten cent trial package will be included of Breadfruit White Seed Turnip. Sweet and remarkable for its nutritious quality and long keeping properties.

The Kitchen Garden Collection to Northern Messenger' subscribers, post-paid, 50 cents.

Offer No. 3.

The Flower Garden Collection.

85c will secure this collection of seeds post-paid, and the 'Northern Messenger' one year.

	Cts.
Mignonette	5
Pansy	10
Zinnia	5
Tropoeolum or Nasturtium	5
Portulaca	5
Candytuft	5
Convolvulus Major	5
Chinese Pink	10
Balsam	10
Coreopsis	10
China Aster	5
Marvel of Peru, or Four O'Clocks.	5
Verbena	10
Ten Weeks Stocks	10
Sweet Peas	5
Phlox Drummondi	10
Petunia	10
Total	$1.25

In addition, a ten cent trial package of a new, large flowered English Pansy will be included. This is an entirely new variety, and sure to give satisfaction.

The Flower Garden Collection to 'Northern Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 65 cents.

Address,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
"Witness" Office, Montreal.

THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH.

Of peculiar interest to 'Messenger' readers at this time is a sketch of the Patriarch of Armenia, which was sent to the Boston 'Congregationalist' by an American resident in Constantinople :—

There is one man in Constantinople, not often mentioned in the public press who is playing a mighty part in the life and death struggle between the Armenians and the Porte—Mattheos Ismirlian, patriarch of all Armenians in Turkey. If one crosses the Golden Horn into old Stamboul, and, passing through the ancient Hippodrome, descends towards the Marmora, he will find himself in the quarter known as Kum-Kapu and in the immediate vicinity of the Armenian patriarchate. The building is old and has nothing impressive in its outward appearance. If a visitor be provided with proper letters of introduction, he will be conducted with little formality into the presence of a man a trifle above medium height, thin, of dark complexion and clothed in the usual black gown. The face is strong, resolute, not handsome, scarcely sympathetic. It is an Armenian face with large features, the lower part massive, the nose large. A flowing beard, now turning gray, falls over the chest and nearly conceals the outline of the mouth. The lips are full, but not sensual, and close firmly together, indicating well the resolute character of the man. The eyes are large, dark, heavily lidded, and are arched over by heavy brows. The countenance altogether conveys the impression of melancholy and force.

The Armenian people are happy—if indeed the term 'happy' can be applied in any restricted sense to this unfortunate race—that the mantle of authority in this critical hour rests upon the shoulders of this man. Tennyson prayed :

> Ah, God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
> Like some of the simple great ones gone
> Forever and ever by,
> One still, strong man in a blatant land,
> Whatever they call him, what care I ?
> Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
> Who can rule and dare not lie.

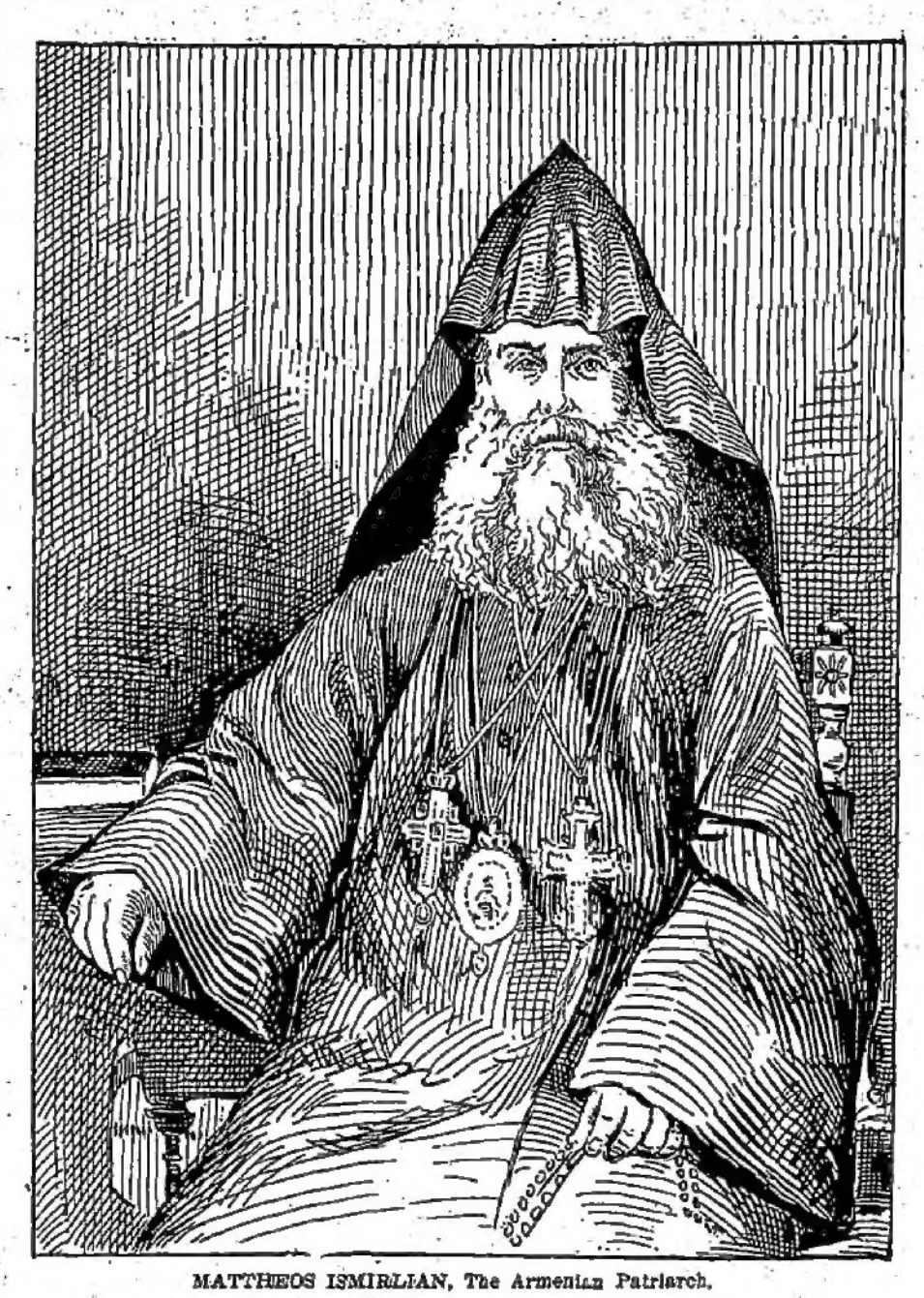
In Mattheos Ismirlian Tennyson's prayer has been granted word for word. If the present conflict results in the enfranchisement of the Armenians from the rule of their oppressors, Patriarch Mattheos will be recognized and remembered among the saviours of his people ; if it fails, he will go down with his nation, sacrificed either to the revenge of the Turks or to the malice of disappointed revolutionists.

Mattheos Ismirlian is still a young man. He was born in 1845 in Kum-Kapu, the Armenian quarter of Constantinople, and there in the patriarch's church he was christened with the name of Simeon. He is of humble family, as is true of all the Armenian clergy. His grandfather was a tailor from Smyrna, and the name Ismirlian, or 'the man from Smyrna,' was assumed when the family came to Constantinople. Simeon's boyhood was passed in Kum-Kapu in attendance on the Armenian grammar schools. From early youth the religious temper of his mind was apparent, and when he was nineteen years old he was made deacon of the Armenian Church in the little village of Ortakeuy on the Bosphorus.

The Armenian like the Greek, clergy is divided into two classes—the parish priests, who are married and can never rise above this position, and the celibate clergy, to whom the highest offices in the church are open. To a young man entering the Church the alternative always presents itself—married life with the career of parish priest, or celibacy with the possibility of promotion. With young Ismirlian there was no hesitation. He entered the celibate clergy in 1869 ; when twenty-four years of age he was ordained as archpriest and received the name of Mattheos. The next five years were busy, but not especially eventful. He was elected successively secretary to the patriarch, member of the assembly and member of the synod. During these years no man in Constantinople was so indefatigable as preacher and teacher ; no amount of official work was allowed to interfere with what he has always held to be the two prime duties of the servant of the Church—preaching and teaching. His preaching, as well as his public speaking, was remarkable for its simplicity, directness and intensity. No man who ever heard an address from his lips doubted the depth of conviction that lay behind every word. Naturally this kind of preaching, unfortunately far removed from what the people are wont to hear, produced a profound impression, and the preacher's reputation grew rapidly. At the same time he was becoming recognized at the patriarchate as a man of unusual soundness of judgment and purity of motive.

The reward of his services came in 1876, when he was ordained as bishop by the Catholicos George IV., at Etchmiadzin. From that time his promotion from one position of authority to another was rapid. In 1886 he was made leader or director of the parish of Egypt, under the authority of the patriarch of Constantinople. The improvements that he instituted were numerous ; the parish was cleared of debt, the churches and official buildings were re-furnished and repaired and assemblies were organized. The efficiency of his service in that country brought him the decoration of a golden cross from King Menelek of Abyssinia and the second class of the Medjidieh from the Sultan ; and, what was much more cherished, the devotion of all the Armenians of Egypt. Failing health finally compelled him in 1891 to return to Constantinople. The following year brought Ismirlian a remarkable proof of the love of the nation. The death of the catholicos of Etchmiadzin necessitated a new election by the national assembly. Naturally the office of catholicos, the highest in the gift of the Armenian Church, is coveted by all men of ability, and the candidates who flatter themselves with hopes of election strain every nerve to secure the prize. Bishop Mattheos, though prominent in all the councils of the Church, refused to make any effort to secure his election, and even declined to declare himself a candidate. Nevertheless, on the first vote of the assembly, he was among the four receiving the greatest number of votes, and, on a subsequent ballot, his name was one of two sent to the Tsar for appointment to the office of catholicos, for, by the constitution, the final appointment is made by the Czar from two names sent to him by the assembly.

Although Ismirlian's name was rejected by the Czar, it was felt from that time that he would be the next patriarch. The sentiment was justified when the great political and religious assembly of the Armenian people was summoned to meet in Constantinople in December, 1894, for the election of a new patriarch. From the first there was but one voice among the delegates. The question of intense interest was, 'Will the Sultan confirm the election of a man of such known resoluteness and patriotism ?' Great was the exultation among the deputies of the assembly when it was signified from the palace that the choice of Bishop Mattheos Ismirlian would be approved. Accordingly, in December, 1894, the election was completed and was immediately confirmed by the Sultan.



MATTHEOS ISMIRLIAN, The Armenian Patriarch.

Since that time Patriarch Mattheos has been in a very real sense the champion of his people, bearing their griefs and carrying their sorrows as few have done even in an office that has been filled by men of conspicuous consecration. If the hearts of all Christendom have been stirred by the stories of suffering that have come from Armenia, how much more have these stories wrung the heart of a man who feels that he has been called to be the leader and the father of this people ! By every legal means in his power he has fought for the deliverance of his nation, despising death and the threats of imprisonment. About a month after his installation as patriarch he sent to Riza Pasha, the minister of justice, a letter requesting power to appoint new bishops in those places where, as in Moosh, the bishops had been in prison for periods of from one to three years. The minister immediately despatched a note in reply, saying that the statements about Moosh were false and demanding their withdrawal. The patriarch replied, 'The statements are true and the truth I cannot withhold.'

The government of the Sultan naturally regards the patriarch as its arch-enemy. The Turks demand a man who shall be subservient to them. They have found in Mattheos Ismirlian a man of indomitable courage who cannot be bribed, flattered or deceived. His first audience with the Sultan, on Jan. 11, filled Constantinople with amazement. Instead of offering to His Majesty the usual honeyed flattery of the Eastern court, this plain priest of a conquered people stood before the ruler, thanked him for the confirmation of his election and then said : 'As far as my conscience permits me I will obey you, but at the same time I must look to the welfare of my people.' Not a word of hypocrisy, not a syllable of flattery, not an intimation of prayers for the life and health of the sovereign ! The Sultan in a rage ordered him to be sent away and omitted the customary decoration.

One other communication between these two men is worth recording. About one month after the last interview the Sultan again sent for the patriarch and offered him, as a decoration, the first class of the Osmaniyeh, the highest decoration that can be given to a civilian subject of the empire. 'Your Majesty,' was the reply, 'what have I to do with such things ? I am a simple priest. I live on bread and olives, as do my people. I have no place in my house for such gorgeous things. I pray you do not ask me to accept it.' And so the royal bribe was rejected.

Personal courage, rising from a deep conviction of duty to his office, is a notable characteristic. In a city where no freedom of speech exists, he has made remarks in public that would have caused his death or removal at any other time. At the installation service in the great church, in the presence of his people, he mounted the pulpit, holding in his hand the constitution granted by Abdul-Aziz. Turning to the people, he said : 'Before God, and in presence of this meeting, I swear to remain faithful to my government and my nation, and to watch over the just and explicit fulfilment of this constitution. My understanding of the word "faithful" is this : faithfulness involves, on the side of the government, protection of life and property. Without this "faithfulness" on the side of the subject is hypocrisy.' The boldness of these words becomes apparent when we realize that the word 'constitution' is absolutely prohibited in Turkey, and if heard in the mouth of an Armenian means imprisonment and perhaps death ; and with the memory of the Sassoun outrages fresh in every mind his definition of 'faithfulness' sounded like high treason.

The difficulties of his position are, it is sad to say, daily growing greater. On the one hand stands the government, seeking by every means to destroy him and his power ; on the other stand the Huntschagists, rabid revolutionists, who hope to free Armenia by the knife. The patriarch, yearning with all his soul for the deliverance of his people, nevertheless sees, as every wise man must, the futility of the Huntschagist plans, and refuses to lend an ear to their counsels. Hence they declare that he has betrayed the cause, and they call for his life. Rarely has man been placed in harder position ; never, I believe, has he borne his lot with more unflinching heroism, in simple consecration to duty. Every true friend of Armenia prays that this man's life may be spared to see a happier day for his race, and to be the patriarch, the father and ruler of a restored nation.

A PROTEST.

This is how a corner of a recent copy of the 'Messenger' looked the other day after it had been criticised by a friend. 'I protest,' he writes. 'Lampblack, water and books are not, so far as the books are concerned, a desirable combination for children to play with.' And though we laughed and hinted something about 'bachelors' children,' still he would not give in. 'At least suggest to them,' he

DROPS OF WATER

A SIMPLE AND PRETTY LITTLE EXPERIMENT WHICH A BRIGHT CHILD CAN PERFORM.

All of you have noticed, perhaps, that the first drops of rain, when a shower comes up, falling upon the dust of a road, assume the form of little balls and rebound or roll about as if they were elastic. This is due to the fact that the water of which the drops are composed is not in sufficient quantity to penetrate the particles of dust and spread out so as to wet the earth. As the shower continues, however, the drops thereat enough to touch each other, and they become a sheet of water, so to speak.

A drop of water on a hot iron plate takes the form of a ball, too, and that is because it is protected against the action of heat by the cushion of steam interposing between it and the plate. For this reason the ironer in the laundry may put her wet finger on a very hot iron without getting it burned.

This property that a drop of water has to retain its globular or spheroidal shape will enable you to make a very

pretty experiment. A drop of water on ordinary paper will spread out and wet the paper, but if you put a coating of lampblack or plumbago on the paper the drop will not spread.

Now, for your experiment get a strip of strong paper about six inches in breadth and three or four feet in length. Coat one side of it as we have suggested, and having placed upright on a table several books of decreasing size rim the strip of paper to their backs, having depressions between the books, as shown in the illustration. The depressions should decrease in depth toward the books of smaller size.

At the end where the paper falls over the largest book pour some water, drop after drop. And these drops will run down the paper as

begged, 'that the bright boys among your readers who wish to try this experiment cut up a few blocks of wood of different sizes to take the place of books.' Just between ourselves we are willing to acknowledge that this suggestion is a decided improvement on the original experiment, and the editor hopes it will be acted upon.

MRS. GRANTLY'S HEATHEN.

(By Emily Huntington Miller.)

Mrs. Marshall came into her friend's sunny morning-room sparkling and fresh from the invigorating atmosphere of a bright December day.

'At last here's one woman at home, and ready, I know, to give something emphatically grateful to the Thank-offering.'

'Don't be too sure, my dear,' and pretty Mrs. Grantly set her mouth in a very positive fashion; 'the fact is, I'm about tired of the thank-offering fad myself, and I'm glad you came instead of Mrs. Lyman, for I never should have dared to tell her what I think. It's just the latest dodge for getting money out of people, as if you must pay for everything good that comes to you; yes, and pay when you haven't anything special to be thankful for. I mean anything more than common. I've made up my mind not to do it.'

'Of course, if you feel that way,' said Mrs. Marshall with a disappointed air.

'Well, I do feel exactly that way, and besides, I'm worried and bothered, and fifteen dollars out of pocket this very minute. I've lost my heathen and my satin table-cover.'

'Your heathen!'

'Yes, that's what I called her. You should have seen her, Kate; the most picturesque creature, with great, shadowy eyes, and the softest black hair. She wore lovely clothes when I first found her, of rich Oriental stuff, but after a while she put on our ugly American dresses, because she said people stared at her when she went out. She did the most exquisite embroidery, and so cheap. That was what decided me to give Margaret a table-cover for Christmas, and now after I spent fifteen dollars on materials the miserable thing has simply disappeared.'

'What was she? One of the Turkish Bazar women?'

'Something of the sort; seems to me it was Armenian, or is that just the same? They have something to do with Turkey, anyway.'

'Armenians! I should think so! Well, how did you happen to find her?'

'I saw her embroidery at Costello's, and left an order for some, and then I bribed the messenger-boy to tell me where it was sent. Oh, you need not look at me that way, Kate Marshall. They had this young thing up in a tiny attic doing work for a mere song, while they charged their customers perfectly outrageous prices for it. It was just the same as the sweaters.'

'Oh, if it was philanthropy, certainly you ought to be encouraged.'

'Well, I had a dreadful time finding the house. It was in one of those horrible tenement rows by the South Wharf, and I had to climb about twenty flights of stairs, some of them so bad I thought I never should dare to come down again, but I found it at last. The smallest little cell, close under the roof, you could only stand up straight in the middle of it, a door at one end and a window at the other. On an old rug before the window my heathen was squatting with all her gay silks and stuffs about her, like a Japanese picture. It never occurred to me till that instant that she wouldn't be able to understand a word, and I just stood and stared at her till she spoke.'

'Chinese?'

'No, indeed, pretty good English, so we got on very well. I offered her twice as much as Costello paid her, and told her I could get her orders for all she could do. Would you believe it, the creature would not leave them because she had promised for a year; but I persuaded her to take some work for me and do it evenings. I didn't see how she could, for her only lamp was one of those odd little boat-shaped things with a wick floating in oil, about as much use as a glow-worm, but these people are so avaricious they'll do anything for money. I didn't see a thing that looked like an idol though.'

'Idols! you little heathen—don't you know the Armenians are Christians in a great deal higher sense than you and I are? And haven't you even heard of the Armenian massacres?'

'No, I haven't. I never could get up any interest in missionary matters, and I never read those horrid stories. I don't see what they put them in the papers for. But you can abuse me all you please—what I want to tell you is that my heathen, as I have been calling her all these weeks, has simply disappeared, and I cannot find any trace of her. I want my table-cover, and though you may not credit it, I am really worried about the woman herself. I've done everything but ask at Costello's. You see I couldn't exactly—I didn't care to have them know.'

'Yes, I see; but I think perhaps I can do something for you. Now put away your work, and come with me to the hospital, you know you promised, and I want to introduce you to one of the patients.

'What is the matter with her? something abnormally horrid I suppose.'

'As nearly as we can judge, starvation and a broken heart, but she lies in a sort of stupor and cannot be roused to talk. She was picked up on the street, and all we can find out is that she has been robbed of money she has been working and starving to earn.'

The clean, bare ward was as bright as sunshine and intelligent care could make it, but Mrs. Grantly was conscious of a painful oppression as she followed her friend down the room, watched by the eyes that looked in pathetic patience from the narrow white beds, each inmate eager for the morning greetings and the kindly questioning, as a small relief to the monotony of waiting and suffering.

But as they came near the end of the ward she was all at once aware of a face that never wavered in its steady gaze, thin lips parted, dusky cheeks touched with a strange pallor, dark, sorrowful eyes with a fire of passion in their cloudy depths.

'Why!' she said, with a catch of the breath, 'it is my heathen! Oh, you poor, poor thing,' and impulsive Mrs. Grantly was on her knees by the bedside, holding the restless hands in her own.

'Oh, my lady! my lady!' moaned the stranger, 'it is all gone—all—and my lady's most beautiful shawl.'

'Never mind—it does not matter in the least,' said Mrs. Grantly soothingly.

'Ah, so much it matters,' said the stranger with a slow shake of her head—'so long I worked—days, nights, all times—so little I eat—always I say, "Wait, my heart;" what matters to be cold, to be hungry, to be tired in this so beautiful country, where one fears not to sing and pray and read His book. Long time I save my money for thanks-offering. Every piece I put away I make a little prayer to say, "This is for thanks."

'Christmas, that is the day it should go to my people beyond the sea. My lady, some wicked has robbed it all—all my thanks-money, and my lady's so beautiful shawl. My heart was like water—I went out on the street—I ran, and ran, and they brought me here.'

'Poor child,' said Mrs. Grantly, wiping her own eyes, though the stranger's were dry; 'have you relatives ever there, father and mother?'

'My father was all. He died on the ship; but in my country all are sisters and brothers. Ah, if my lady could know. They work, they starve, and always robbery waits for them and murder. Always to watch in the day and to listen at night; to fear, to tremble, to know not what comes. It is we who are so happy must help them.'

'We will help them,' said Mrs. Grantly; 'I will send a thank-offering for you and for myself. To think that you should give thanks for the privilege of working and starving in a garret, and I just wasting my money on people who don't need it, or care for it. It makes me feel like a heathen myself.'

'Where was your home, Zara?' asked Mrs. Marshall.

'Sasun,' said the girl softly, and Mrs. Marshall turned away shuddering.

Her eyes were heavy with sleep, for she seemed to have laid aside the burden that was pressing her very life out.

'My lady will make thanks for Zara?' she asked with a grateful smile.

'I will make thanks,' said Mrs. Grantly as they left her to the nurse.

On the way home Mrs. Marshall rehearsed to her friend something of the awful story of Sasun, with its martyred people and ravaged homes.*

'I thought it was all the Chinese war,' said Mrs. Grantly; 'you know I always was a goose about geography. Do you think that poor thing knows?'

'I hope not. Just suppose you and I were in Turkey, and such things had happened here! Suppose they might happen to-day—any day.'

'Don't suppose it. It makes me wild. O how can such things be.'

'Shall I tell you, dear?' said Mrs. Marshall slowly. 'It is because so many of us have never taken up in earnest the work the Master left in our hands when he went away. It is because so many of us go on making satin table-covers for our rich friends, buying costly clothing and expensive bits of bric-a-brac, and give only small, inefficient sums to spread the gospel of good will and brotherhood. Because we quiet our consciences by sending a few missionaries to toil and sacrifice for us; by winning a few converts and leaving them to struggle with poverty and contempt and persecution, instead of pouring out our wealth to win and to conquer, as science does for its researches, and trade for its great enterprises. Because so many of us are tired to death of "the thank-offering fad."'

'Well, there, Kate Marshall, just stop or this worm will turn. If you expect me to go down on my knees and take that back, I warn you I shall do no such thing.'

Mrs. Marshall kissed her friend on both cheeks at parting and said gently, 'Forgive me, Lou, but isn't that exactly the way you ought to take it back?'

The quick tears came into Mrs. Grantly's eyes, but she did not answer.—'Heathen Woman's Friend.'

* There are 5,000,000 people in Armenia. Of these, 1,500,000 are Christians. They are among Mohammedans, ruled by them, and hated by them. Massacres have been many. In 1822, on the island of Scio, 23,000 men, women and children were slain, and 17,000 of them sold into slavery. The massacres of 1860 in Syria and Damascus are remembered; also in 1876, in Bulgaria. The worst one was in August, 1894; also in September following, of which the particulars are too horrible to print. These occurred in the Sasun province. Unless European powers combine to act, the Christians in Turkey will be put to the sword. There must be a reform government, or death awaits all. Terror reigns among Armenians, Syrians, and Nestorians.—'Missionary Review,' Aug., 1896.

A LITTLE MODERN MARTYR.

The following touching story of Christian heroism is taken from 'The Christian':—At Caesarea, on Nov. 30, five hundred Christians were murdered by the Turks. In one of the Protestant houses of the city a father and his litle daughter, twelve years of age, were alone, the mother having gone to visit a married daughter before the massacre began. A fierce-looking Turk suddenly burst into the room where the little girl was sitting. He spoke to the child in as kind a voice as he could command. 'My child,' said he, 'your father is dead because he would not accept the religion of Islam. Now I shall have to make you a Mohammedan, and if you will agree to it I will take you to my home, and you will have everything you want just as if you were my daughter. Will you become a Mohammedan?' The little girl replied: 'I believe in Jesus Christ. He is my Saviour. I love him. I cannot do as you wish, even if you kill me.' Then the ruffian fell upon the poor child with his sword, and slashed and stabbed her in twelve different places. What followed, no one knows. The house was pillaged and burned, and the body of the father was burned in it. But that evening a cart was brought by a Turkish neighbor to the house in another part of the city where the mother of the little girl was staying. The Turk said to her: 'I have brought you the body of your little girl. You are my friend and I could not leave it. I am very sorry for what has happened.' The mother took the senseless form of the little girl into the house, and found that there was still life in it. A surgeon was summoned, he restored the child to her senses, and she is now in a fair way to recovery. She had been taught from her earliest years to love the Saviour and to study her Bible. She proved her faith by that noble display of the martyr spirit.'

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

I know as my life grows older
And my eyes have clearer light,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of Right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But, as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished
Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometime by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer,
But whatever is, is best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE YOUNG ENGINEER.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

(From the 'Youth's Companion.')

'The young man you met at the gate, sir? Yes, that is my son—my boy Jack.

'You noticed the scars on his face, sir, and thought, maybe, that they spoiled features meant to be handsome?

'Ah, sir! that was because you did not know. Why, those red marks make him more beautiful to me now than when a baby in my arms, with yellow curls, and laughing eyes, and a skin like a rose-leaf, the people hurrying in and out of the trains would turn to look and smile at him, and praise him to each other, speaking low, maybe, but not too low for a mother's quick, proud ears to hear.

'For we lived in a little house close by the station, and when I heard the whistle of his father's train I used to snatch the boy from his cradle, or off the floor where he sat with his little playthings, and run down to the farther end of the long depot, where the engine always halted, to get the smile and loving word that my heart lived on all day.

'Not the least bit afraid was the baby of all the whistling and clanging of the bells, the groaning of the wheels and puffing of the steam. He would laugh and spring so in my arms that I could scarcely hold him, till his father would reach down sometimes and lift him up into the engineer's cab, and kiss him for one precious minute, and then toss him down to me again.

'When he grew a little older he was never playing horse or soldier like the other little fellows around; it was always a railway train that he was driving. All the smoothest strips out of my billets of kindling wood went to build tracks over the kitchen floor, hither and thither, crossing and re-crossing each other.

'"Don't move my switch, mother dear," he used to cry out to me. "You'll wreck my train for sure!"

'So I had to go softly about my work, with scarce a place sometimes to set my foot. And all the chairs in the house would be ranged for cars, the big rocker, with the tea-bell tied to its back, for the engine; and there he would sit perched up by the hour together, making believe that he was attending to the valves and shouting to the fireman.

'I shall never forget the first time his father took him to ride on the engine. Jack had begged over and over to go, but his father always bade him to wait till he was a little older. So I had said:

'Don't tease father any more, Jack, dear." And, like the true little heart he was, he had not said another word about it for a matter of six months or more.

'But that day such a wistful look came into his face, and he pulled himself up tall and straight, and said quite softly, his voice trembling a little, "Father, do you think I am grown enough now?"

'Looking at him, I saw two tears in his pretty eyes. I think his father saw them, too, for he turned to me in a hurry, and said he:

'"We meet the up-train at Langton, Mary, and Will Brow will bring the little chap back all straight, I know. What do you say?"

'What could I say but yes? At supper time he was back again; but he could not eat. His eyes were like stars, and there was a hot, red spot on each cheek, so that I feared he would be ill; and I had thought he would never be done talking, but now he said scarce a word.

'"What was it like, Jackie?" I asked him.

'"O mother," he said, "it wasn't like anything!" He sat still for a minute thinking; then he said, "Unless it was like—that you read last Sunday."

'"And what was that, Jack?" I asked, for I had quite forgotten.

'"Don't you know, mother? The wings of the wind."

'That was not his last ride on the engine by many times; for, as he grew older, his father would take him often on Saturdays or other half-holidays. He was perfectly trusty and obedient. I believe he would have had his right hand cut off sooner than have meddled with anything; but he knew every valve, and screw, and gauge, and watched every turn of his father's hand, and learned the signals all along the line, so that my husband said to me more than once:

'"I believe in my heart, Mary, that if I was to be struck dead on the engine Jack could rush her through without a break!"

'He was in school, and learning fast; but, out of hours, he was always studying over books about machinery and steam. Such an odd child as he was, with thoughts far beyond his years! Sometimes, sitting here by myself, I go over in my mind the strange things he used say to me in those days.

'I remember that one evening he had been reading for a long time in some book that he had got out of the public library; but by-and-by he stopped and leaned his head on his hand, looking into the coals. All at once—

'"Mother," said he, "isn't it a wonderful thing that God could trust men with it?"

'"With what, Jack?"

'"With the steam—the power in it, I mean! It was a long time before He did. But when the right time came, and somebody listened, then He told."

'"O mother," said he, with his eyes shining, "what must it have been to be James Watt, and to listen to such a secret as that?"

'In a minute he spoke again.

'"And it's never safe to forget to listen, because we can't know when He might speak, or what there might be to hear!"

'I could not answer him for a choking in my throat, but I laid down my knitting and put my arm around him; and he looked up into my face with something in his eyes that I never forgot.

'We were getting on well then. The little house and garden were almost paid for; and we thought that nowhere in the world were happier people than we, or a brighter, cosier home. My husband and I were always talking of this and that to be done for Jack as soon as the last payment should be made. But before the money was due my husband came home sick one day.

'"Don't be frightened, Mary," he said. "I shall be better to-morrow."

'But he only grew worse next day. It was a lung fever that he had, and for many days we thought he must die. Yet he rallied after a time—though he kept his hacking cough—and sat up and moved about the house, and at last thought himself strong enough to take his place again. But that was too much, for at the end of the first week he came home and fell fainting on the threshold.

'"It's of no use, Mary," he said, after he came to himself. "I can't run the engine; and if I could, it isn't right for people's lives to be trusted to such weak hands as mine!"

'He never did any regular work after that, though he lived for a year.

'Young as he was, Jack was my stay and comfort through that dark time. My poor husband had matters in his mind that he longed to speak to me about; but I always put him off, for I could not bear to listen to anything like his going away from us.

'But at last, the very day before the end came, as I sat by his bed holding his hands in mine, he said, very gently but firmly, "Mary, wife, I think you must let me speak to you to-day!"

'I fell to crying as if my heart would break, and he drew a pitiful sigh that went like a sword through my breast; yet I could not stop the sobs. Then Jack rose up from the little stool where he had sat so quietly that I had almost forgotten he was there, and came and touched me.

'"Mother! dear mother!" he said; and, as I looked, I saw his face perfectly white, but there were no tears in his eyes.

'"Mother," he said again, "please go away for a little while. I can hear what father wants to say."

'You will think me cowardly, sir, but I did as the child bade me. I left the door ajar, and I could hear my husband's weak voice, though I could not understand the words, and then my brave boy's answers, clear and low, not a break or tremble in the sweet voice. And at last Jack said, "Is that all, dear father?" and, "Yes, I will be sure to remember it—every word."

'Then he came out and kissed me, with almost a smile, and went through the outer door. But an hour afterwards, when I went out to the well, I heard a little choking sound, and saw him lying on his face in the long grass under the apple tree, sobbing his very heart away. So I turned about, and went into the house as softly as I could, and never let him know.

'After it was all over and we had time to look about us, we found some debts left and very little money. It was a hard thing for me, that had for so long a strong, loving arm between me and every care, to have to think and plan how to make ends meet, when I could not even start evenly at the beginning. But Jack came to my help again.

'Father said that you were never to work hard, dear mother, because you were not strong, but that I must take care of you some way. He thought you could let two or three rooms to lodgers, maybe, and that the best thing for me just now would be to get a train-boy's place. He said the men on our road would be sure to give me a chance for his sake.'

'I do not know that I had smiled before since his father died; but when I heard him say "our road," in that little proud tone he had, I caught him to my heart, and laughed and cried together.

'"And I spoke to Mr. Waters about it only yesterday," he went on; "and he said that Tom Gray is going to leave, and I can have his chance and begin next week, if I like. What do you say, dear mother?"

'"O Jack," I said, "how can I get through the long, lonesome days without you? And if anything should happen to you, I should die!"

'"Don't, mother!" he said gently, for the tears were in my eyes again. But I would not heed him.

'"And you to give up your school!" I cried. "And all our plans for you to come to naught!"

'"Father thought of that, too," he answered. "But he said that the whole world belonged to the man that was faithful and true. And I promised him. You can trust me, mother?"

'Trust him? Ah, yes! he had struck the right chord at last, and I lifted my head and dried my tears. Whatever unseen dangers I might fear for my boy would be of the body, not of the soul. "Faithful and true!" I thanked God, and took courage.

'It was wonderful how he succeeded with the books and papers and the other things he sold. There was something in him that made him a favorite with everybody. I have been told by more than one that the sight of his frank, handsome face was like sunshine, and that people bought of him whether they wanted anything or not.

'Well, the years went by and he grew up, working his way from one position to another on the road, trusted everywhere. He was my own boy still, though he was so tall and strong, with his bright curls turned chestnut brown, and a silken fringe shading the lips that kept their old, loving kisses for me alone.

'It was not very long that he had had the place of engineer, which he had wanted so long. He had a day off, and was doing some little things for me about the house and garden, when one of the depot hands came running up the path, calling for him.

'"Mr. Harding wants you instantly, Jack!" cried the man. "The Jersey express should have left the depot five minutes ago,, and the engineer has just fallen down in a fit. Curtis and Fitch are both off on leave, and Mr. Harding says there's nobody left but you that he'll trust with the train."

'"I!" cried Jack, in a maze. "The Jersey express! And I never drove anything but a freight train!"

'"Well, well," cried the man impatiently, "don't stop to argue! Orders is orders, and here's a minute and a half gone already."

'Jack seemed to come to himself at that. He darted one smile at me, and was off like a shot, drawing on his coat as he ran. In less time than I take in telling it I heard the signal of the outgoing train, and knew that my boy was trusted with a task that was used to be given only to the most intelligent and careful men in the service.

'They brought him back to me that night, sir, and laid him on his father's bed; and by piecemeal, then and afterwards, I learned what had happened that day.

'The train starting out so late, they were forced to make up time somewhere on the line. So on that long, straight stretch of track through the valley they were making sixty miles an hour. The train fairly flew. Jack could feel the air strike his face like a sharp wind, though it was a balmy spring night.

(To be continued.)

A B C FOR TEMPERANCE NURSERY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

U For an Ugly worm which lies
Coiled in strong drink, they say;
And every child the worm that spies
Will throw the glass away.

Use no tobacco. Use no wine. Use no bad words. The Bible tells us that wine and strong drink bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

V For a lovely grape-Vine,
With grapes so ripe and sweet;
I hope they'll not be turned to wine,
They are so good to eat.

Vineyards hung with bunches of grapes are a fine sight. But if these grapes are crushed, and the juice is fermented into wine and put in bottles along a shelf, they are a very sad sight.

At Our School
The Drawing-Lesson.
March 1
We've drawn straight lines and curving lines
Whole rows of them across the slate
We've drawn a vase a ginger-jar
A pear
an apple on a plate.
But we were tired to-day, and so
Miss Mary told us every one
To make a picture for ourselves. Just what we pleased and just for fun.
Ted's pig, we knew it right away –
Because we saw the name, you know –
And mine was meant for dear Miss May
(It's not exactly like her, though)
Frank drew a boat, and Rose a flower
And Bell – but here are just a few
Of all our pictures, and I think
They're pretty good, for us, don't you?
Some of our pictures

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR BANDS OF HOPE, ETC.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham.)

LESSON XXXIV.—Opium.

1. What is opium?

It is the dried juice of the poppy.

2. Where is it grown?

In many eastern countries; in Arabia, Egypt, and most of all in India, where thousands of miles are given to poppy fields.

3. How is it produced?

From the seed-vessels of the poppy, which, after the flowers are gone, are left to grow till they are as large as hen's eggs. Then they are cut with a sharp instrument in the early morning, and left a day for the juice to flow out.

4. What is the next thing?

The following day men go through the fields and carefully scrape off the juice that has flowed out, and it is poured into pans and left three or four weeks to dry and thicken, being carefully turned every day.

5. And what next?

Then it is packed into earthen jars and sent to the factories, where it is poured into large vats and thoroughly kneaded. Afterwards it is made into balls, and is then ready for shipment.

6. For what is it used?

Much is used as medicine. It is very useful in cases of great pain, or when severe operations have to be performed.

7. How is it useful?

Through its effect on the nerves, which it puts completely to sleep, so they know nothing at all of what is being done to them.

8. Is it a dangerous medicine?

Very dangerous indeed. A single grain of it killed a young lady, and a dose a little too large may destroy life at any time.

9. Is it ever used except as a medicine?

It is used in enormous quantities by the eastern nations. Millions of dollars are spent by the Chinese, the Burmese and others, for this drug, which they use daily for smoking.

10. Is it harmful when used in this way?

It is one of the most terrible things ever used. It destroys its victims, both body and soul.

11. How does it affect the body?

Especially through the nerves. It destroys their power to control the body, makes them perfectly insensible to all impressions, and so produces very dreadful diseases.

12. How does it affect the mind and character?

Through the brain, which it deadens. It affects the conscience and the will; makes a person false, deceitful, filthy; destroys all sense of right or decency. When the effects of opium wear off, he is cross and cruel.

13. Is it used at all in Canada and the United States?

Yes, and its use is growing. Many 'opium dens,' as they are called, exist in New York, and they are found also in other cities.

14. How is opium usually taken?

In these dens it is smoked through long pipes. But it is also used in great quantities in the form of morphine, which is either taken through the stomach or is injected under the skin, usually of the arm.

15. Why do people come to use it if it is so dreadful a drug?

Because they like the effects. It so quickly deadens the nerves as to take away the knowledge of fatigue or pain. And when a person once forms the habit his will power is 'snuffed out,' as a physician said.

16. Is it easy, then, to break off the opium habit?

No, it is almost impossible. The struggles of the opium user are even more terrible than those of the poor drunkard; and in many cases he cannot overcome the habit.

17. What, then, should we do?

We should be sure not to begin such a fearful habit. Boys often form it in using cigarettes, of which opium forms a part.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

This lesson may be expanded and illustrated, and made exceedingly interesting to the children. Dwell especially on the danger of beginning the habit. Sometimes mothers unwittingly bind it upon their children by giving them soothing syrups, etc., of which opium is always an ingredient. Especially warn the boys against the cigarette in which opium is largely used. Girls also need careful warning, so often is the habit fixed upon them through the use of opiates or sedatives given in cases of illness. Better any pain than this body and soul-destroying habit.

A CONTRAST.

The Salvation Army and the Christian Endeavor Society are often coupled together as two great religious movements of the nineteenth century; but the radical difference between them has been brought out very clearly by the recent trouble arising from the removal of Ballington Booth. The former organization is an army, and under military control. An army must have not only leaders but commanders. We cannot see, constituted as it is, how the army could carry out its blessed and most beneficent work if it did not own supreme allegiance to some one earthly general, and obey his behests. The whole fabric of the organization centres around this idea of obedience. The Christian Endeavor Society, too, centres about the idea of obedience or loyalty, but it is loyalty to the Church, and not to any earthly commander. In fact, the Endeavor Society has no commander, and can have none. It has leaders; but no man, outside of the local society, or the denomination to which it belongs, is vested with one scintilla of authority over it. This form of organization, too, fits the Christian Endeavor Society, as the other form fits the Salvation Army. Both organizations, we believe, are born of God. Each is raised up to do its own peculiar work in its own way in this generation. There are differences of administration, but the same Spirit.—'Golden Rule.'

THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM.

The following is taken from a paper read at the recent National Temperance Congress at Chester by Arnold F. Hills:—

'The action of alcohol, as it has been wittily said, is precisely the same whether it is sold by a Pharisee or a publican, and not even respectability can prevent a poison from producing its physiological effects. It is supposed by some "that the elimination of private profit" is sufficient remedy for the removal of the worst features of the liquor traffic; and it has been suggested that philanthropic companies or municipal corporations should be entrusted with the sale of alcoholic liquor as a means of reducing the acknowledged evil of the existing system of private competition. To state such a proposition in words is to expose its inherent absurdity. It may be perfectly true that publicans use every artifice to increase their private profits, but a worse danger than private greed is the possibility of public sanction. This is the final answer to those who would place this responsibility upon our local governing bodies. Apart altogether from financial considerations, it is impossible to overestimate the evils of a municipal public house system. It is bad enough to involve the total abstaining ratepayer in complicity with a traffic which he loathes, but it is ten times worse to persuade the average citizen that the use of intoxicating liquor is respectable because of the sanction of municipal administration. "Qui facit per alium, facit per se," and the corporation which first enterprises this intolerable experiment in social depravation will make its burgesses partners in the degradation of its civic crown.'

WHAT IT COSTS.

'My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You may say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of a farmer, but you have never been able to get enough money to buy a farm. But there is where you are mistaken. For some years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it out for yourself.

'An acre of land contains 43,560 feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at $43.26 an acre, you will see that it brings land to just one mill per square foot. Now, pour down the fiery dose and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that 500 foot garden.

'Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long it will take to swallow a pasture land to feed a cow.

'Put down that glass of gin; there is earth in it—three hundred feet of good, rich earth, worth $43.50 an acre.'
—Robert J. Burdette.

SONG OF THE DEMON 'DRINK.'

BY JAMES R. JOHNSON.

With body weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red,
A woman lay, in unwomanly rags, on straw, her only bed;
Tick—tick—tick! of sleep not having a blink;
And still, in a sad and terrible tone, she sang of the demon 'Drink!'

Drink—drink—drink! the curse of high and low;
Drink—drink—drink! the cause of want and woe;
God pity the home where the husband's a slave
In the merciless power of the demon drink crave!

Drink—drink—drink! till the brain begins to swim;
Drink—drink—drink! till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Gin, and whiskey, and rum—rum, and whiskey and gin,
Till across the seat the drunkard sleeps, amid the bustle and din!

Oh! men, with sisters dear!—Oh! men with mothers and wives!
Do you ever think, as you pour out the drink, of the many ruined lives?
Of the many cheerless homes, where all is cold and bare,
And children weep at their mother's feet, with faces stamped with care?

Drink—drink—drink! misery, murder and crime—
No better fruits have I seen in thee, from my youth to the present time;
Misery, murder, and crime,— misery, murder and woe!
Are the terrible marks thy footprints leave, wherever thou dost go.

Drink—drink—drink! from weary chime to chime;
Over the counter it goes—dime, and dollar and dime.
And what do we get in exchange, ah! better 'twas nothing by far,
Than the maddening liquor the keeper draws from barrel and bottle and jar.

Oh! but to see my home again, where the bright wild flowers do grow,
And stand once more on the sunny shore, and feel the fresh winds blow;
Oh! but to see the woods again, where the tall trees hide the sky,
And the murmuring brook in the shady nook gives rest to the weary eye.

With body weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red,
A woman lay, in unwomanly rags, pressing her aching head;
Tick—tick—tick! and she nears eternity's brink,
And still in a sad and terrible tone (oh, would that drink's doings
Were more perfectly known!) she sang of the demon 'Drink!'

JINGOISM VS. PATRIOTISM.

'Caleb Cobweb' has in a recent number of the 'Golden Rule' the following instructive parable :—

One day the Jingo came strutting up to Uncle Sam. He had a chip on his shoulder, and he was defying all the nations of the earth. He wanted Uncle Sam to put a chip on his shoulder, and go around with him.

'Down with England!' shouted the Jingo. 'A fig for Germany! To destruction with the Czar! A fig for international law! We are the people! Ours is the earth! Shout after me, or you are not patriotic! Come, knock this chip off my shoulder! I dare you! I can lick you! I dare you!'

'Softly, my energetic friend,' said our Uncle Sam. 'Allow me to remove your chip for a moment, until I examine it.'

With that Uncle Sam took the chip, made a hole in the earth with his foot, and planted it. How it happened I don't know, but at once the chip took root and began to grow. It grew so swiftly that within five minutes the two were hidden by its branches. From the trunk sprouted bayonets. The fruit of the tree was coffins. The branches were cannon, that began to fire upon the Jingo.

Uncle Sam had already run away. The Jingo ran after him, his face as white as flour.

'Why, why,' said he, 'what was that chip that you planted?'

'That chip,' said Uncle Sam solemnly, 'was a bit of a gingko-tree, and if you had remained under its branches a second longer, this country would have been rid of Jingo, which would have been a blessing.'

In commenting upon it the 'Golden Rule' says: 'This cartoon teaches a lesson greatly needed, not only in our country but in all lands. Jingoism is as far below patriotism as an auctioneer's flag is below our national banner. Jingoism says, "Our country, right or wrong." Patriotism seeks above all things to put its country in the right, and then to stand up for both. Jingoism is a bully toward weaker nations. Patriotism is their protector. Jingoism classes as traitors all that do not agree with itself. Patriotism is no less true to its own conscience because it acknowledges that others also may be true to theirs. Jingoism is for number one. Patriotism is for all men. Jingoism, to win its own glory, recklessly imperils the lives and fortunes of the citizens. Patriotism, while ready to die, if need be, for its country's good, is anxious also to spare its country that most terrible of all scourges next to sin—war. Jingoism seeks causes of offence, and is always suspicious even of its nearest kin. Patriotism is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. Patriotism, in fine, is for God and home and native land. Jingoism is for itself and the rooster. In the political life of all parties, and in the columns of most newspapers we need to guard against this tendency. Let us be patriots to the core, but never jingoes.'

A CONGRESSMAN'S WORK.

The 'Christian Herald' has been furnished advanced sheets of a pamphlet by ex-Senator Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, 'which,' says the 'Herald,' 'makes a powerful presentation of the whole temperance question.' In the December number of the 'Herald' is printed one chapter of the forthcoming pamphlet, which is devoted to the purpose of getting all Christian denominations to include among the branches of Christian and humanitarian work, for which they make regular annual collections of money, the temperance cause, so as to provide means for its regular support.

To our mind ex-Senator Blair could not devote his fine abilities to a more worthy object. It is a happy thought, which we hope will meet with general favor.

Every denomination is supplied with excellent literature, which would do a vast amount of good if it were scattered broadcast throughout the land. But the money for printing and mailing is not furnished. Take, for instance, the Presbyterians. Their General Assembly has a permanent committee on temperance which has been in existence since 1881. No more timely and stirring literature can be found than some prepared by that committee. But it is like the talent that was hid in the ground. The committee says in a recent address: 'In many parts of the General Assembly's bounds we are practically unknown except by an earnest worker here and there, holding the ground in the position to which God has called him.' The reason given is because the churches furnish no money to circulate temperance literature.—'Constitution.'

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Three months of 1896 gone. What are you doing to make humanity better and happier?

Have you spoken a word of sympathetic counsel to the rum-cursed wretch who is your neighbor?

Have you ministered to the wife and children who are the innocent sufferers of the rum shop which you have licensed by your ballot?

Have you uttered a warning word to the boy who is just starting wrong?

Have you put a prohibition paper in the hands of the careless sober workingman, who has not yet thought how the liquor traffic is injuring him?

Have you asked your Christian neighbor to subscribe for a prohibition paper, which may open his eyes to his responsibility and win him to political righteousness?

What are you doing? This is a critical year. Do something.—'Constitution.'

'MESSENGER' ARMENIAN FUND.

The 'Messenger' appeal for help for the suffering Armenians is touching the hearts of young and old. How effectively is well seen in the list of contributions already received. One dear little girl writes:

'I read about the Armenians in my 'Northern Messenger,' and I feel very sorry for them. Papa gave me one dollar for a birthday present, so I am sending it to you to add to the Armenian fund. Yours truly,

LILLIAN ISABEL WRIGHT.

An active young Sunday-school worker says:

'Having read the plea in the last edition of the 'Northern Messenger' asking help for the homeless and starving Armenians, I headed a paper and canvassed our village. I now remit to you the whole amount received from many kind friends, $9.50. Please acknowledge as from Sable River Baptist Church and friends.'

Sable River, N.S., March 8, 1896.

A ten-year-old boy writes: 'I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I have been trying to collect some money for the 'Messenger' relief fund for the Armenians. I thing everybody ought to send them something. Enclosed you will please find $1.05, the amount which I have collected on the way to and from school and at noon.

FRANK S. WHITMAN.

So far we have to acknowledge the following contributions: — George Tocher, $1; Mary Tocher, $1; Two Friends, $2; Little Britain, $1; Jas. Holme, $5; Left Hand, $1; J. R. Conklin, $5; A Friend, $1.57; J. Nisbett, $2; Cedar Hill, $1; A Well-wisher, 50 cents; Mrs. D. W. Brown, $2; Sable River Baptist Church and Friends, $9.50; Mrs. Robt. Ferris, $3.60; Cora E. Ferris, 40 cents; Bessie Dobbie, $1; Mrs. Virtue, $1; Miss Mitchell, $1; Mrs. Cameron, $1; Miss Surtees, 25 cents; A Sympathizer, $5; James Davidson, $5; James Davidson, $14; Young Friends of School Section, $4.25; A Lambton Sympathizer, $10; A Friend, $1; Annie E. Robinson, $25; Frank S. Whitman, $1.05; It is more blessed to give than to receive, $1; H. Eltbeck, $2; Subscriber to the 'Mesesnger,' $2; ——, $1.

HOW TO GET CONTRIBUTIONS.

The second plan is a good one. Many persons could give a trifle who could not perhaps find it convenient to send it separately. Address all contributions to 'Northern Messenger' Armenian Fund, John Dougall & Son, corner Craig and St. Peter streets, Montreal.

FROM OUR FRIENDS.

An old subscriber says: 'Please accept my heartiest thanks for the 'Messenger' in the past. I have taken it for eleven years, and would not know how to do without it. Its principles are sound on the subject of temperance, and it is just what is wanted in these days of so much youthful vice. Whatever thoughts the children gather from the 'Messenger' are pure thoughts. What I like about it especially is that there is something in it to interest every member of the family.'

FROM TWO LITTLE WORKERS.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal, Que :—

Sirs,—I received the nice Bible which was sent me as First Junior prize in your Christmas Bible competition, and am very greatly pleased with the same. Please accept my thanks for the beautiful gift, and I trust that I may derive much profit by the reading of it. I also received the copies of the 'Northern Messenger' that you sent me. I remain, very sincerely yours,

OLIVER G. STEELE.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal :—

Sirs,—I received the bread-knife which you sent me for the five subscribers' names which I sent you for the 'Northern Messenger.' I am very much pleased with it, and thank you very much. I hope next year I may be able to do more for you. I remain yours sincerely,

DAISY M. STEELE.

'MESSENGER' CLUB RATES.

The following are the club rates for the 'Northern Messenger':—

10	copies to one address.....	$ 2.25
20	" " "	4.00
50	" " "	10.50
100	" " "	20.00

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